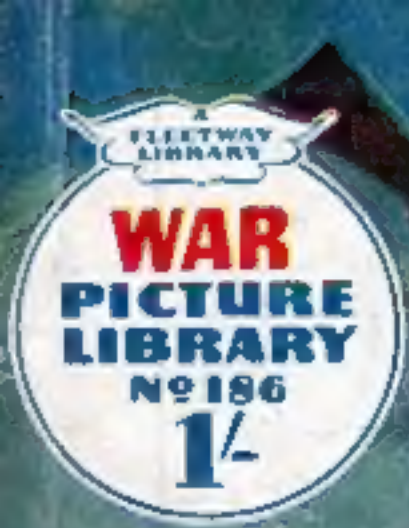


The BLOOD of HEROES



A FLEETWAY
LIBRARY
WAR
PICTURE
LIBRARY
No 186
1/-

4

ALL-ACTION ISSUES EVERY MONTH★ No. 97 **KILLER PEAK**

They fought a mountain—and each other—for a secret buried beyond the snowline.

★ No. 98 **FIGHTING PATROL**

Death stared them in the face—yet they did not flinch.

★ No. 99 **BATTLE ROYAL**

To save an army, he must lose his Kingdom!

★ No. 100 **FEAR NAUGHT**

The harsh light of battle will show up the true worth of any man.

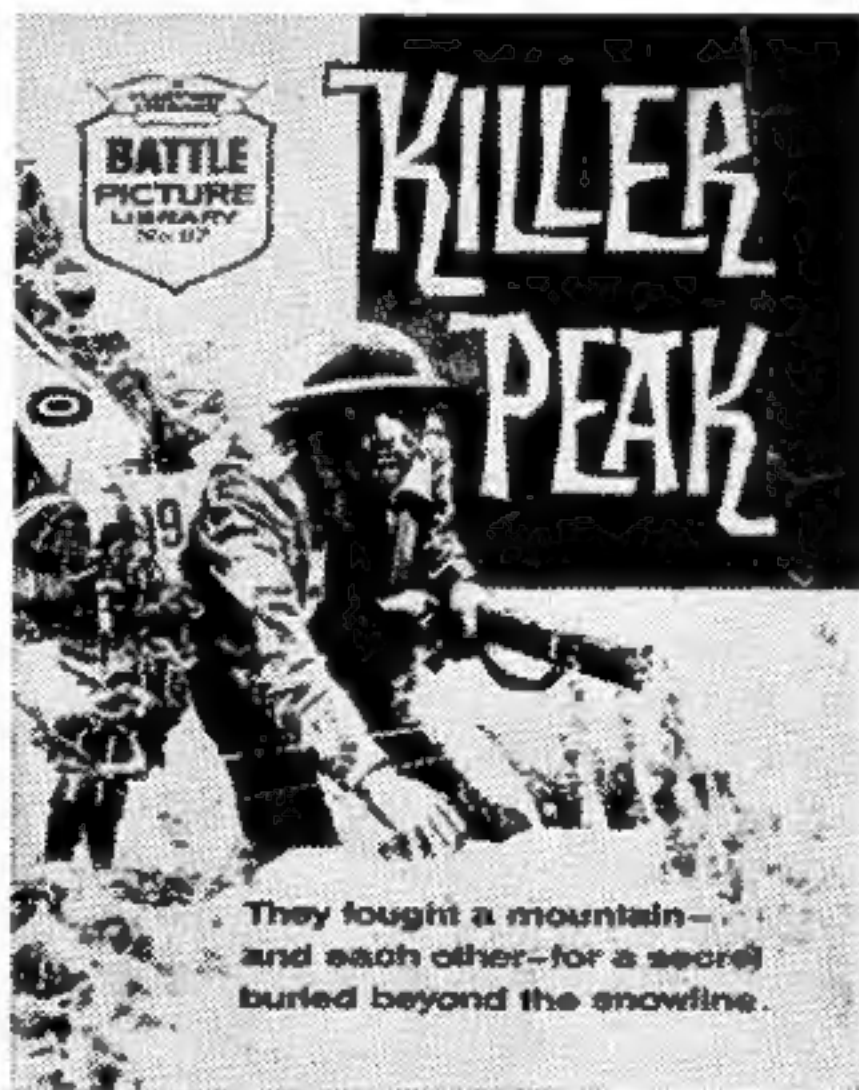
**BATTLE
PICTURE
LIBRARY**

On Sale

Monday 18th March

MAKE SURE

**Order your copies
NOW!**



THE BLOOD OF HEROES

IN THE ANNALS OF WAR THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN ONE MAN WHO HAS LIVED ON AFTER THE BATTLES HAVE BEEN FOUGHT AND WON. HE IS **THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER**, A MAN IN WHOSE VEINS THE BLOOD OF HEROES FLOWS



Chapter 1. The Unknown Soldier

ONE STORMY NIGHT OUTSIDE ARRAS, IN WORLD WAR ONE, A THIN LINE OF KHAKI-CLAD FIGURES FACED THE GREY MENACE OF THE CRACK IMPERIAL PRUSSIAN GUARDS AS THEY SWARMED TO THE ATTACK . . .



BAYONETS GLINTED IN THE HALF-LIGHT. MEN NERVED THEMSELVES FOR THE SHOCK OF CLOSE-QUARTER FIGHTING. AMONG THEM WAS A YOUNG TOMMY . . . AND IT WAS HIS BAPTISM OF FIRE.



LIKE MANY OTHER MEN, PRIVATE HARGREAVES FELT ONLY THE PARALYSING CHILL OF FEAR IN HIS BONES AS THE PLATOON HURLED THEMSELVES OVER THE TOP TO MEET THE ENEMY...



NEXT INSTANT, HE FOUND HIMSELF IN THE INSANE CONFUSION OF SHOUTING, STRUGGLING MEN. DESPERATELY, HE WARDED OFF A VICIOUS BAYONET THRUST

I'M GOING TO DIE...



BUT THE BRITISH HELD THAT FIRST WAVE OF ATTACKERS AND, AS IF IN A NIGHTMARE, HARGREAVES FOUND HIMSELF BEING HELPED TO HIS FEET BY HIS BURLY SERGEANT . . . ALL UNAWARE THAT HE HAD KILLED HIS FIRST ENEMY SOLDIER . . .

ON YOUR FEET, LAD! WE BROKE 'EM UP, THAT TIME! BACK TO THE TRENCH . . .

IT . . . IT'S ALL OVER . . . ?

THE FURY OF THE ATTACKS, THE WAITING BETWEEN THEM, TOLD ON THE MOST HARDENED VETERANS HOLDING THE FRONT-LINE TRENCHES.

THEY'LL COME IN AGAIN BEFORE DAWN, SERGEANT. THEY'RE DETERMINED TO OVERRUN THE NEXT VILLAGE BEFORE OUR REINFORCEMENTS CAN BE BROUGHT UP. IT RESTS WITH US . . .

I'LL HAVE THE MEN ON TOP LINE, SIR. WE WON'T RELAX . . .

BUT THE NEXT MOVE OF THE ENEMY CAUGHT THEM UNAWARES, FOR THE GERMANS USED THAT MOST DREADED AND SINISTER WEAPON . . . **CHLORINE GAS!**



IT WAS THE PANIC WHICH HAD BEEN WELLING IN PRIVATE HARGREAVES THAT SAVED HIS LIFE, FOR, AS HE TURNED IN BLIND FEAR FROM THIS FRESH HORROR, HE PLUNGED FULL LENGTH . . . INTO WATER!



The Blood of Heroes

... AND, STUMBLING UPRIGHT AGAIN, HE THREW HIS WATER-SOAKED SLEEVE ACROSS HIS NOSE AND MOUTH, AS HE FLED ON . . .



GOT TO
GET AWAY...
GOT TO GET
OUT OF THIS
TRENCH!

THE AMOUNT OF GAS WHICH SEEPED THROUGH INTO HIS LUNGS CAUSED HARGREAVES TO BECOME GIDDY . . . AND THE SCENE BEFORE HIS EYES BECAME SUDDENLY UNREAL . . .



HE STILL PLUNGED ON, HOWEVER, ON UNSTEADY LEGS . . . BUT ALL THE TIME, HIS SENSES WERE FAILING HIM . . .



A-Z!
MUST HAVE
A-Z

AND THEN HE KNEW
NO MORE . . .

AS HE LAY THERE, ALMOST SENSELESS, GASPING FOR LIFE, THE PRUSSIAN GUARDS MOUNTED THEIR NEXT ATTACK. THE SMOGGY NIGHT BREEZE HAD DRIFTED MOST OF THE GAS AWAY.



STILL SUFFERING FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE GAS, THE BRITISH TROOPS' DEFENCE WAS PITIFULLY INADEQUATE TO HOLD THE PRUSSIAN UNIT AS IT POURED INTO THEIR TRENCHES.



THE FIGHT WAS SHORT AND MERCILESS. IT WAS AN EXULTANT PRUSSIAN OFFICER WHO LED HIS MEN OUT OF THE TRENCHES AND ON TOWARDS THE TINY FRENCH VILLAGE OF LOSELLE . . .

WE HAVE DESTROYED THE ENGLANDERS! NOW WE SHALL TAKE THE VILLAGE . . . AND HOLD IT AS A STRONGPOINT!

OUR CHLORINE GAS PROVED INVINCIBLE, HERR HAUPTMANN! IT SHALL BRING US GREATER VICTORIES YET!



LOSELLE WAS DARK AND DESERTED, FOR THE VILLAGERS HAD FLED FROM THEIR HOMES AT THE APPROACH OF THE GERMANS . . .

PREPARE YOUR STRONGPOINTS, LEUTNANT! WE MUST BE READY WHEN THE BRITISH COUNTER-ATTACK!



JAWOHL, HERR HAUPTMANN! WE SHALL KILL THEM AS WE HAVE WIPE OUT THE OTHER SWINE!

AS THE ARROGANT GERMAN INVADERS DEPLOYED THE R FORCES IN THE VILLAGE, HOWEVER, ONE BRITISH SOLDIER STILL LIVED AMID THE CARNAGE



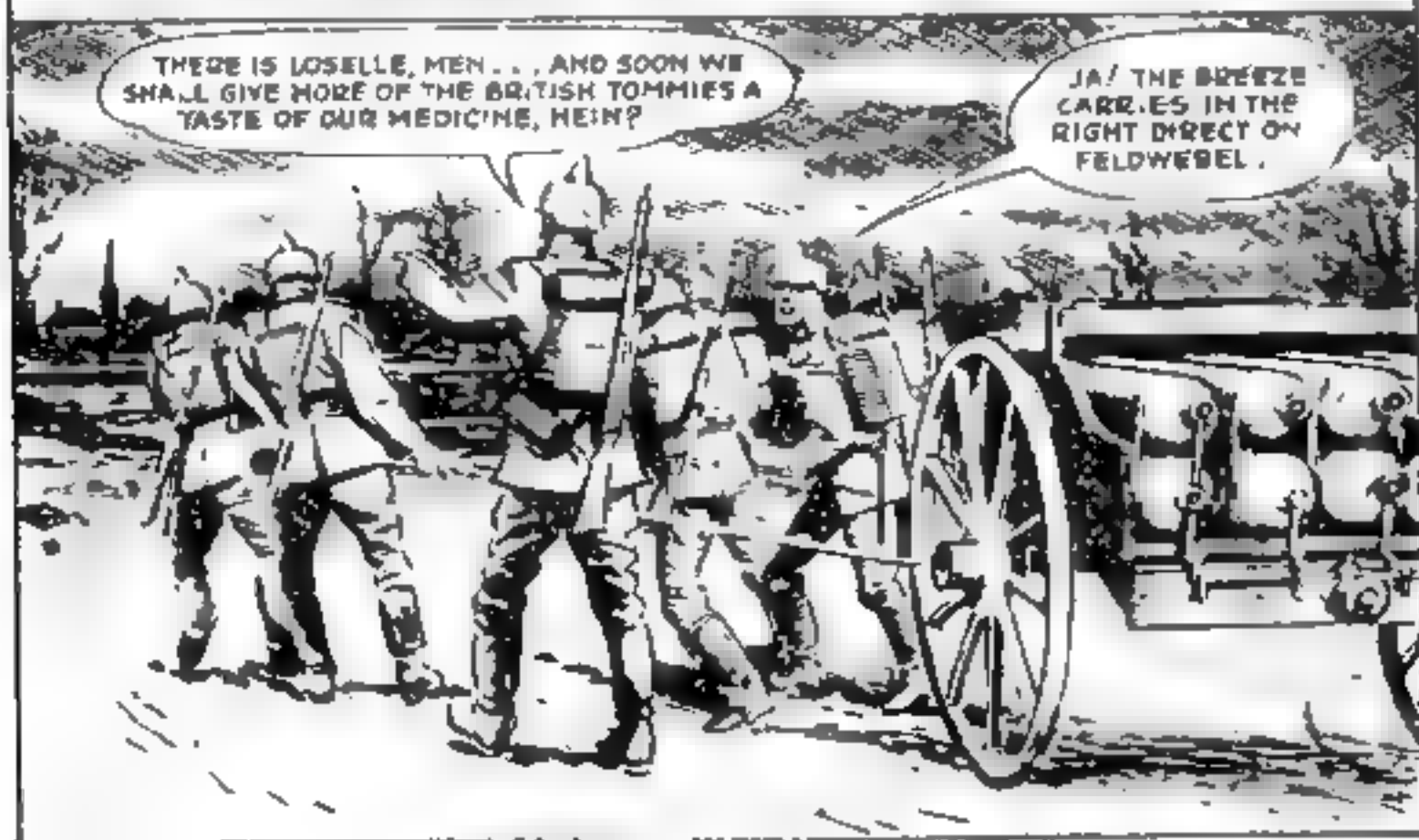
ALL DEAD.
THE GAS EVEN
Wiped OUT
OUR REAR
GUN POSTS!

SUDDENLY, PRIVATE HADGEKES HEARD GUTTURAL VOICES AND THE CLATTER OF A GUN CARRIAGE COMING FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE GERMAN LINES



BY HEAVENS! THE GERMAN
GAS UN! THEY'RE MOVING
THE CHLORINE GENERATORS TO
USE THE FOUL STUFF ON OUR
REINFORCEMENTS

UNAWARE THAT ONE SURVIVOR REMAINED IN THE BRITISH LINES, THE GERMANS TOOK THEIR TIME AS THEY HEADED FOR THE FRENCH VILLAGE



THERE IS LOSELLE, MEN... AND SOON WE
SHALL GIVE MORE OF THE BRITISH TOMMIES A
TASTE OF OUR MEDICINE, HEIN?

JA! THE BREEZE
CARRIES IN THE
RIGHT DIRECTION
FELDWEBEL.

THE GABSE LAUNCHER OF THE GERMAN SOLDERS SICKENED HARGREAVES WHO HAD SEEN SO MANY COMRADES DIED. A SUDDEN, STRANGE CHANGE CAME OVER THE YOUNG SOLDIER



HIS TREMBLING HANDS CLAMPED ON THE HANDLES OF THE MACHINE GUN AND A VENGEFUL STREAM OF BULLETS TRAVERSED THE ENEMY WITH THE GAS GENERATOR



HARSH CRIES CAME FROM THE NEARBY VILLAGE AT THE BURST OF FIRE, YET PRIVATE HARGREAVES DID NOT FLINCH FROM THE NEMESIS THAT RUSHED TOWARDS HIM FOR THERE WAS ONE MORE THING TO DO . . .

WE GOT TO DESTROY THAT GAS GENERATOR COMPLETELY! GOT TO SAVE OUR REINFORCEMENTS . . .

FORWARD!
KILL THE
MAD DOG!

HIS GRENADE SALED THROUGH THE AIR EVEN AS ONE OF THE ONRUSHING PRUSSIANS FLUNG A STICK BOMB. THE GUN PIT WAS ENVELOPED IN A VIOLENT EXPLOSION



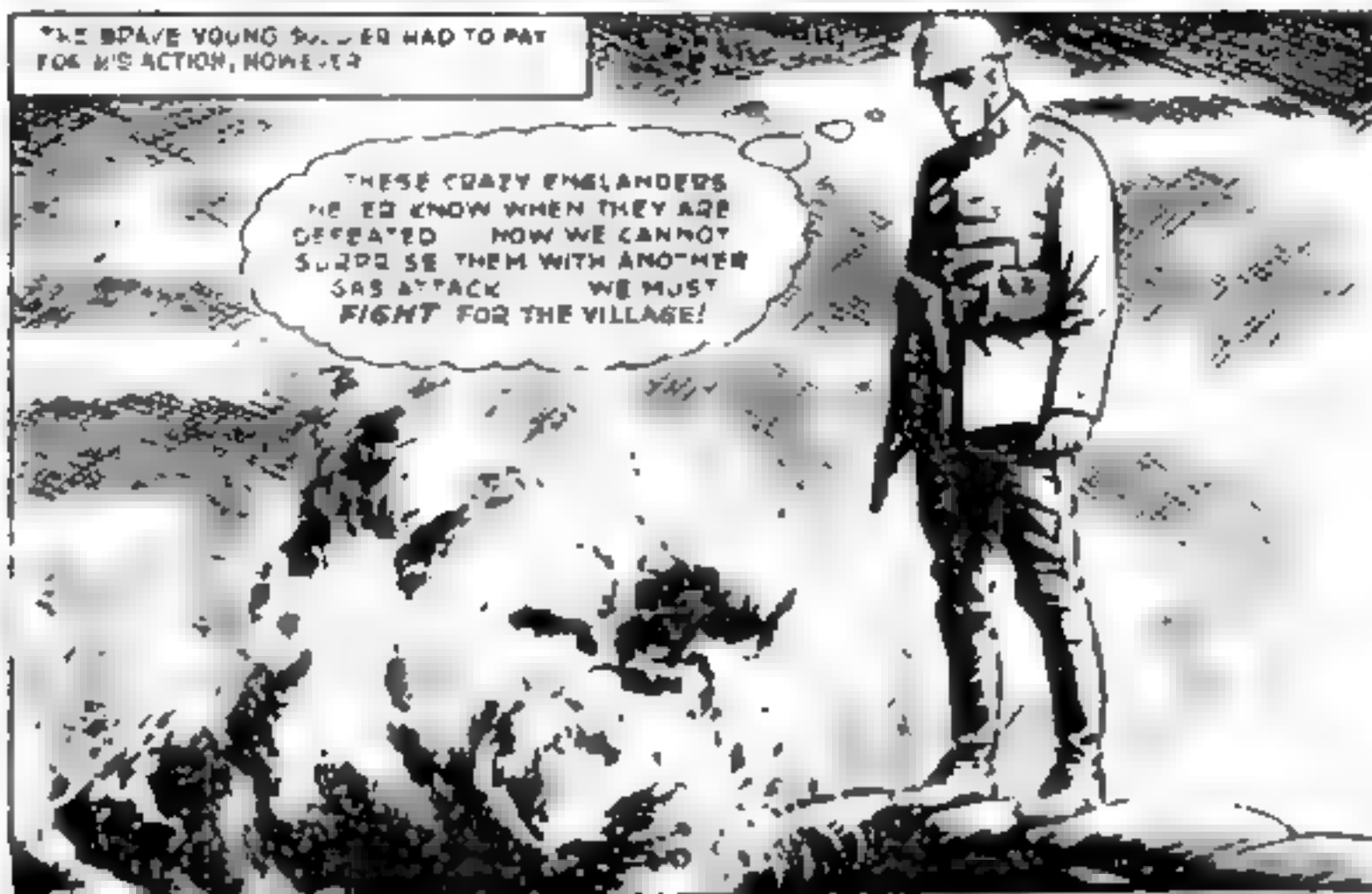
BUT THE BRITISH SOLDIER'S OWN GRENADE HAD FOUND ITS MARK . . .

HIMMEL!
THE GAS
GENERATOR!



THE BRAVE YOUNG SOLDIER HAD TO PAY
FOR HIS ACTION, HOWEVER.

THESE CRAZY ENGLANDERS
NEED TO KNOW WHEN THEY ARE
DEFEATED. NOW WE CANNOT
SURPRISE THEM WITH ANOTHER
GAS ATTACK. WE MUST
FIGHT FOR THE VILLAGE!



THE SHAKEN RUSSIAN OFFICER QUICKLY RALLIED HIS MEN BACK TO THEIR STRONGPOINTS. ROBBED OF THE ADVANTAGE OF THE GAS WEAPON, THEY WERE NOW ON EQUAL TERMS WITH THE BRITISH.

HERE COME
THE TOMMIES!

AND NOW WE
MUST FIGHT THEM...
WITH OUR BACKS TO
THE WALL!

THE BRITISH TROOPS FLUNG THEMSELVES VENGEFULLY AT THE ENEMY, ROOTING THEM OUT OF THEIR POSITIONS DESPITE THE FACT THAT THEY FOUGHT LIKE CORNERED RATS.

ONE MORE CHARGE
LADS... AND THEY'RE
BEATEN!



AFTER THE VILLAGE HAD BEEN RETAKEN A CAPTURED GERMAN OFFICER REPEATED THE TRUE HERO OF THE 32ND SMY STORY

WE SHOULD HAVE DEFEATED YOU BUT THIS SINGLE SOLDIER KNOCKED OUT OUR POISON GAS UNIT YOU GAVE HIM YOUR LIVES ENG ANDERS



THE FIRST WORLD WAR ENDED . BUT THE VILLAGERS OF LOTELLE DID NOT FORGET. IN THEIR TINY VILLAGE SQUARE THEY ERECTED A PERMANENT MONUMENT TO THE MAN WHO HAD DIED FOR THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM

AND SO, MES AMIS . . . WE GATHER HERE TODAY TO PAY HOMAGE TO ONE WHOSE NAME WE SHALL NEVER KNOW . . . BUT WHOSE COURAGE WILL ALWAYS BE BEFORE US . . . **THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.**



LONG LIVE OUR UNKNOWN SOLDIER! VIVE LIBERTÉ!

Chapter 2. Salute to Liberty

TWENTY FIVE YEARS LATER THE LIBERTY OF FRANCE WAS AGAIN IN THE MELTING POT. ONCE MORE THE GERMAN JACKBOOTS STAMPED ACROSS THE COBBLED STREETS OF THE VILLAGE OF LOSELLE.



MAJOR ERNST BLOHM, OF THE TWENTY FIRST INFANTRY DIVISION, TOOK A CURSORY LOOK AT THE STATUE THAT HAD BEEN RAISED TO A BRITISH PRIVATE IN WORLD WAR ONE.

AN INTERESTING RELIC, HERR MAYOR! BUT DO NOT LET IT GIVE YOU IDEAS THAT THE BRITISH MADMEN WILL ATTEMPT TO SHOW THEIR HEROICS AGAINST GERMANY AGAIN. WE HAVE DRIVEN THEM FROM FRANCE... FOR EVER!



IT IS MERELY A STATUE HERR MAJOR TO THE SPIRIT OF A BRAVE SOLDIER

THE MAJ SWUNG ROUND ANGRILY ON THE PROUD FRENCHMAN

THE ONLY **BRAVE** SOLDIERS ARE **GERMAN**, HERR MAJOR. ONLY FOOLS AND CRIMINALS DEFEAT US! DO NOT LET YOURSELF FORGET THAT!

I SHALL REMEMBER, HERR MAJOR. MY MEMORY IS A LONG ONE...

THE HIDDEN MEANING BEHIND THE MAJOR'S WORDS ESCAPED THE ARROGANT GERMAN

YES, HERR MAJOR. TWICE OUR VILLAGE HAS BEEN DESPOILED BY THE BOCHE... IN MY LIFETIME! YOU WILL SOON FIND THAT **THIS** TIME WE HAVE GROWN **TEETH**...

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN A NEARBY WOOD

SO, HES AMIS, WE ARE THE FIRST OF THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT IN THIS DISTRICT. SOON WE SHALL GROW STRONG. BUT, UNTIL THEN, WE STRIKE WHERE THE ENEMY IS WEAKEST!

BRAYO. LA RESISTANCE LEAD US AGAINST THE BOCHE, MON AM

THE FIFTH - RESISTANCE FIGHTERS, OR MAQUIS, AS THEY CAME TO BE CALLED, SPANG FROM SUCH SMALL GROUPS OF EX-SOLDIERS AND PARTISANS. BY DAY, THEY PLANNED

THE FLACHE CONCENTRATED AROUND JOSEPH MY FRIEND BUT THERE ARE OTHER POINTS WHICH ARE MORE VULNERABLE



BY NIGHT THEY STRUCK



THE COLD BLOODED DARING OF THE RESISTANCE FIGHTERS GREW Apace AND THEIR SUPPLY OF CAPTURED ARMS MOUNTED.

THAT TRICK OF BLINDING THE BOCHE OUTPOSTS BY HEADLIGHTS AND THEN FIRING PAYS OFF DIVIDENDS, LOU SI! SEE... WE COLLECT ENOUGH ARMS TO SUPPLY AN ARMY!



AND TONIGHT
WE KILLED TEN GERMANS!
IT IS GOOD!

BUT THE GERMANS WERE NOT ENEMIES TO BE UNDERRATED AND, DURING A SURPRISE AMBUSH ONE DAWN



SACRE BLEU!
WE ARE
TRAPPED!

DROP THE GUNS!
SURRENDER... YOU
FREE THE BOGS!

AMONG THOSE WHO WERE CAPTURED IN THAT SHOCKING ATTACK WAS THE MAYOR OF LOSELLE.

SO YOUR FINE MAYOR'S YOUR MEMORY IS NOT SO GOOD AS YOU SAY YOU LOST THESE CARRION OF YOUR, AGAINST THE MIGHT OF GERMANY AND EXPECT TO LIVE!



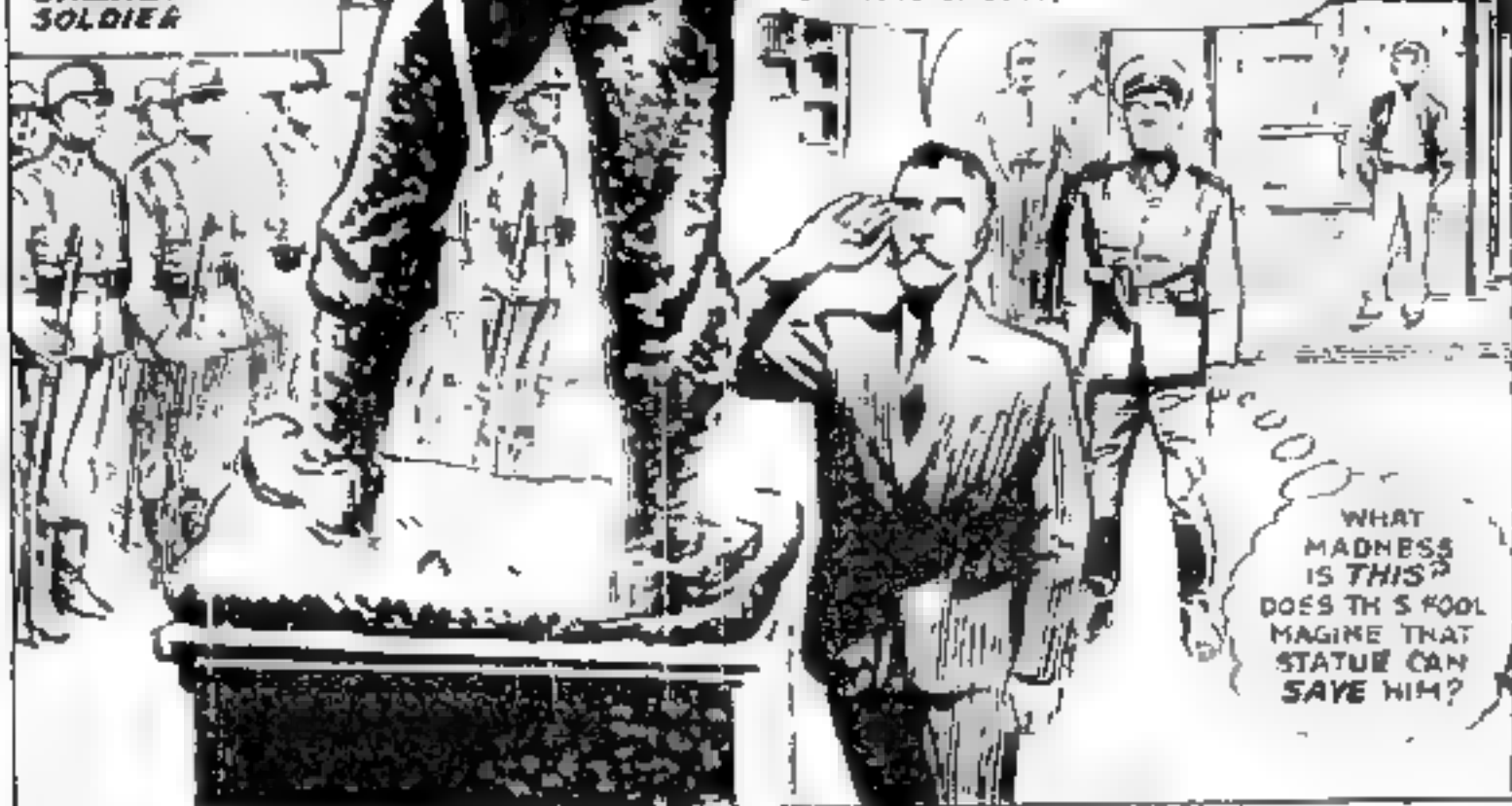
YOU ARE MISTAKEN, HERR MAJOR. DO NOT EXPECT TO LIVE. IT IS AN HONOUR . . . TO DIE!

AN HONOUR EASILY COME BY FRENCH SCUM!



BEFORE THE ASTONISHED EYES OF THE GERMAN MAJOR, THE MAYOR OF LOSELLE TURNED, DREW HIMSELF UP TO ATTENTION AND PROUDLY BOASTED THE STATUE OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

AN HONOUR, AS I SAY TO FACE OUR STATUE ONCE MORE AND SALUTE, HERR MAJOR



WHAT MADNESS IS THIS? DOES THIS FOOL IMAGINE THAT STATUE CAN SAVE HIM?

MAJOR ERNST BLOHM WAS NO DEALIST!

FELDWEBEL! STAND TO YOUR FIGHTING PARTY! THIS FRENCH CUR SHALL HAVE HIS WISH . . . AND LET THE WHOLE VILLAGE WITNESS IT!

AWOHL,
HERR
H2.02

THERE, IN THE BRIGHT SUMMER SUNSHINE WITH THE VILLAGERS OF LOSELLE LOOKING ON, THE BRAVE MAN DIED

VIVE
LIBERTÉ!

FEUER!

BUT, LATER MAJOR BLOHM SAZED FROM THE WINDOW OF HIS COMMANDEERED HOUSE ACROSS THE SQUARE AND WONDERED

PAH! IT'S ONLY A STATUE
WHY SHOULD IT SEEM TO BE
SOME KIND OF SYMBOL
TO THESE FRENCH
BUMPKINS? A
STATUE TO SOME
ORDINARY
SOLDIER! OUR
GLORIOUS
TROOPS KILLED
IN THE FIRST
WORLD WAR



THE GERMAN OFFICER'S TEUTONIC MIND COULD NOT GRAPPLE WITH SUCH THINGS . . . BUT HE SOON FOUND OUT HE HAD NOT DESTROYED THE MORE MATERIAL FORCE OF THE MAQUIS!



FIGS! THERE'S
SOMETHING FOR
THE MAYOR OF
LOSELLS

AND OUR MACHINE
GUNNERS WILL GIVE
THEM SOME MORE
MEDICINE OF THE SAME
BRAND, MON AMI

THE MINELAYERS HUGGED THE GROUND FOR COVER AS THE HIDDEN GUNNERS OF THE MAQUIS OPENED FIRE ON THE DISRUPTED INFANTRY COLUMN.



WORD OF THE RAID REACHED MAJOR BLOHM'S HEADQUARTERS AND HIS REACTION WAS SWIFT.

I SHALL TEACH
THESE FRENCHMEN
A LESSON THEY WILL
REMEMBER! TAKE
EVERY TENTH MAN
IN THE VILLAGE
AND SHOOT
THEM!



ONCE AGAIN, HOWEVER, THE GERMAN MAJOR WAS BEMODERED BY THE CALMNESS WITH WHICH THESE VILLAGERS WENT UP TO DIE AFTER SALUTING THE STATUE TO AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER.



SHALL I EVER BREAK THE SPIRIT OF THESE FOOLS? IT IS AS IF THE STATUE REPRESENTS **SOMETHING** TO THEM WHICH GIVES THEM MORAL STRENGTH.

HARDLY HAD THE GUNSHOTS ROLLED AWAY, AS THE FRENCHMEN PAID THE PRICE BLOHM HAD DEMANDED. RANG



AN
ATTACK
YOU SAY

JA, HERR KOMMANDANT
TEN KILOMETRES
FROM LOSSELLE. A
DETACHMENT OF
OUR GRENADIERS
WIRED OUT.

THE PHONE SLAMMED BACK ON ITS STAND AS THE GERMAN OFFICER'S NERVELESS FINGERS RELEASED IT

I CANNOT BELIEVE IT. OUR GRENADIERS ARE THE FINEST TROOPS IN THE REGIMENT! WHAT ARE WE **FIGHTING** AGAINST? WHAT **DRIVES** THEM ON?



MAJOR ERNST BLOHM WAS NOT WITHOUT A CERTAIN BRUTAL CUNNING . . . OR FORTHRIGHT GERMAN THOROUGHNESS . . .

THAT STATUE IS THE SYMBOL OF THEIR RESISTANCE! IT ACTS ON THE SIMPLE FOOLS LIKE A FETISH! SMASH IT DOWN!

PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER, HERR MAJOR, TO CALL IN OUR PANZER GROUP TO DEAL WITH THE PROBLEM...



SEVERAL KILOMETRES AWAY, A PANZER GROUP WAS DEPLOYED TO PAROL THE FLAT COUNTRY AROUND THE VILLAGE BUT THE MAQUIS WERE TUNED IN TO THEIR WAVELENGTH

IT IS THE GERMAN H.Q. AT LOSELLE! THEY ARE CALLING IN A PANZER TANK TO SMASH THE VILLAGE STATUE . . .

WE MUST
ACT FAST!
ABOUT THE
OTHERS!



SO IT WAS THAT AS A GERMAN TANK THUNDERED ALONG THE ROAD
A RECEPTION COMMITTEE AWAITED IT

THE STUPID
BOCHE HAVE LEFT
THE HATCH OPEN
... ALL READY
FOR US!

HURRY
MOLNT THE
CASING!



A MOMENT LATER, THE FRENCH MAN HAD
SCRAMBLED ON TO THE STEEL HULL AND
HAD LOBBED A GRENADE INTO THE OPEN
HATCHWAY OF THE TURRET



THERE WAS A SUDDEN GUTTERAL
WELL OF CLAMOR AND A
VICIOUS MUFFLED EXPLOSION AS
THE MALLS TOOK TO THEIR
HEELS



MAJOR ERNST BLOHM WAS WAITING MOST ANXIOUSLY FOR THE PANZER TO ARRIVE IN THE VILLAGE
SQUARE. CLOSELY, HIS TEMPER STRAINED ALMOST TO BREAKING POINT.

FOOL! WHERE IS THE PANZER
I REQUESTED? ALREADY WE
HAVE WAITED AN HOUR



IT IS ON ITS WAY
HERR MAJOR HAVE
CONFIRMATION

HE HIND
344-1242
BAND 71

THE MAJOR'S UNIT WHO HAD DESTROYED THE
PANZER TANK WERE ABOUT TO GIVE THE
GERMANS THE REPLY TO THEIR SIGNAL . . .
IN NO UNCERTAIN FASHION . . .

QUICKLY . . . INTO
THE REAR OF THE HOUSES!
WE SHALL THEN HAVE A
CLEAR ARC OF FIRE INTO
THE SQUARE!

THE BOCHE PIGS
WILL NEVER KNOW
WHAT HIT THEM!

FROM WINDOWS AND DOORWAYS AROUND THE SQUARE . . . QUEEROS FIRE RIPPED AT THE
RANKS OF THE ENEMY.

H MUEL
WE ARE TRAPPED!



SOME TRIED TO RUN SOME TRIED TO FIGHT
BUT THERE WAS NO ESCAPE

ONE SOLDIER
WAS THE ONLY MAN ALIVE IN THAT
BUILDING AND HE'S MADE
OF STEEL. LONG LIVE THE
AMERICAN SOLDIER!



IT WAS IN THOSE LAST FEW ANGRY SECONDS
THAT ERNST BLOHM OF THE ELITE TWENTY FIRST
INFANTRY KNEW THE TRUTH BEHIND THAT MASS OF
CARVED STONE WHICH TOWERED ABOVE HIM

THEY... WIN! THEY WILL ALWAYS
WIN BECAUSE THEY BELIEVE IN WHAT
THIS STATUE REPRESENTS HUMAN COURAGE
AND FREEDOM! WE SHALL BE DEFEATED!



Chapter 3. *Battle Proud*

IN THE LONG BITTER MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED THE MAJOR
STUCK AGAIN AND AGAIN ... TO VAN SH INTO THE H A B
LIKE WRAITHS' BUT ALWAYS THE VILLAGE REMAINED
DESERTED ... UNTIL ONE DAY ... THE 6TH, JUNE, 1944



THE DAY OF RECKONING HAD FINALLY ARRIVED FOR NAZI GERMANY
AMONG THE ALLIED TROOPS WHO POURED ON TO THE BEACHES OF
OCCUPIED EUROPE WAS A BRITISH PLATOON



THE TROOP SERGEANT KEELED HIMSELF BELLIGERENTLY ON THE YOUNG PRIVATE. HE HAD LITTLE TIME FOR SHARP.



STOP SKULKING
THERE HORROR!
GET ON YOUR FEET
AND MOVE!

WHILE THE REST OF THE PLATOON SAID THEM COVER FIRE, SERGEANT KELLY TOOK HIMSELF AND ANOTHER MAN TO OUTFLANK THE STRONGPOINT

A COUPLE OF GRENADES SHOULD DO
THE JOB OF GETTING ME IN, HORROR
AND DON'T LET IT!



HORROX OPENED UP WITH A NERVOUS BURST FROM HIS STEIN GUN AS KELLY WORMED HIS WAY FORWARD. IMMEDIATELY, THE GERMAN MACHINE GUNNER SWITCHED HIS FIRE.



THAT'S THE
IS SUICIDE - THE
POINT-BLANK RANGE

BUT KELLY HAD ALREADY CLOSED WITH THE ENEMY. HE WAS A MAN WHO SEEMED TO WELCOME DANGER...

SHARE THAT, JERRY!
HERE'S ANOTHER
FOR LUCK!



The Blood of Heroes

THE PANIC STRUCKEN YELLS OF THE DEFENDERS WITHIN THE ENEMY PILL BOX WERE ABRUPTLY SILENCED AS THE SECONDS TICKED AWAY AND THE GRENADES EXPLODED THE PLATOON MOVED FORWARD AGAIN



THEY GLIMPSED SQUARE HELMETED FIGURES MOVING SOME DISTANCE AHEAD AND THE SERGEANT TURNED AND SHAPED AN ORDER



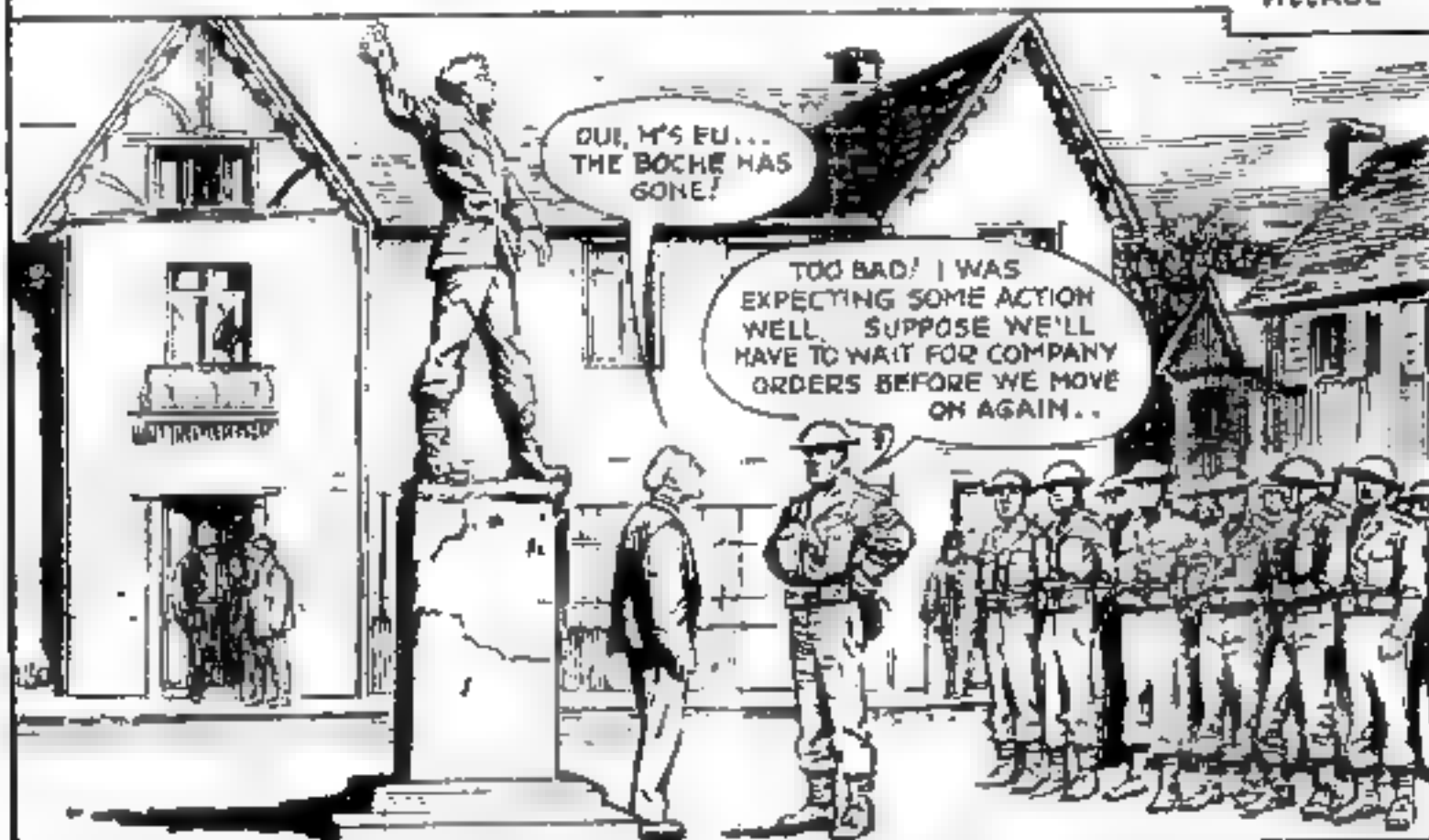
BUT FEAR OR EVEN CAUTION HAD LITTLE PLACE IN THE TOUGH SERGEANT'S MAKE UP AS THE MORTAR RANGED THE ENEMY POSITION, HE LED THE CHARGE IN .



FORTUNATELY, THERE WERE ONLY A FEW OF THE ENEMY MANNING AN ADVANCE OBSERVATION POINT . IF ANYTHING, THE LACK OF OPPOSITION DISAPPOINTED SERGEANT KELLY



THE PLATOON PUSHED ON TO THE VILLAGE OF LOSELLE. THE GERMANS HAD WITHDRAWN... AND FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR ALMOST FOUR YEARS, THE FRENCHMEN HAD RETURNED TO THEIR VILLAGE.



OUI, M'SIEU...
THE BOCHE HAS
GONE!

TOO BAD! I WAS
EXPECTING SOME ACTION
WELL. SUPPOSE WE'LL
HAVE TO WAIT FOR COMPANY
ORDERS BEFORE WE MOVE
ON AGAIN..

IT WAS AS THE PLATOON WAITED FOR COMPANY ORDERS THAT KELLY NOTICED THE STATUE.

LOOKS LIKE JERRY BASHED
THINGS ABOUT A BIT WHILE HE
WAS HERE. EVEN THE
STATUE.

AH, M'SIEU.
THE STATUE. LOSELLE WILL
NEVER BE DEFEATED
WHILE THE STATUE
STANDS AMONG
US.

THE FRENCHMAN WENT ON TO TELL SERGEANT KELLY THE FULL STORY OF THE STATUE INCLUDING THE PART IT HAD PLAYED DURING THE OCCUPATION.

IT WAS AROUND HERE
MY OLD MAN WON THE MILITARY
MEDAL IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR...
THOUGH I ALWAYS RECKON HE DESERVED
THE V.C. THAT SOLDIER THEY ERECTED
THIS STATUE TO. HE MUST HAVE
BEEN A BRAVE MAN, TOO.

AH, OUI...
MANY BRAVE
MEN, M'SIEU.

WHAT D'YOU MEAN... **MANY**
BRAVE MEN? THE STATUE WAS
ERECTED TO **ONE** MAN, WASN'T IT?
LIKE A MEDAL THAT'S GIVEN
TO **ONE** MAN

I DO NOT THINK YOU
UNDERSTAND, MON AMI... THIS STATUE
REPRESENTS MORE THAN ONE MAN'S
BRAVERY OR ONE MAN'S DEATH. IT WAS
HERE THEY EXECUTED OUR MAYOR OUR
RESISTANCE MEN AND WHERE WE
KILLED THE BOCHE MAJOR
OH NO NOT JUST
ONE MAN
M SIEU

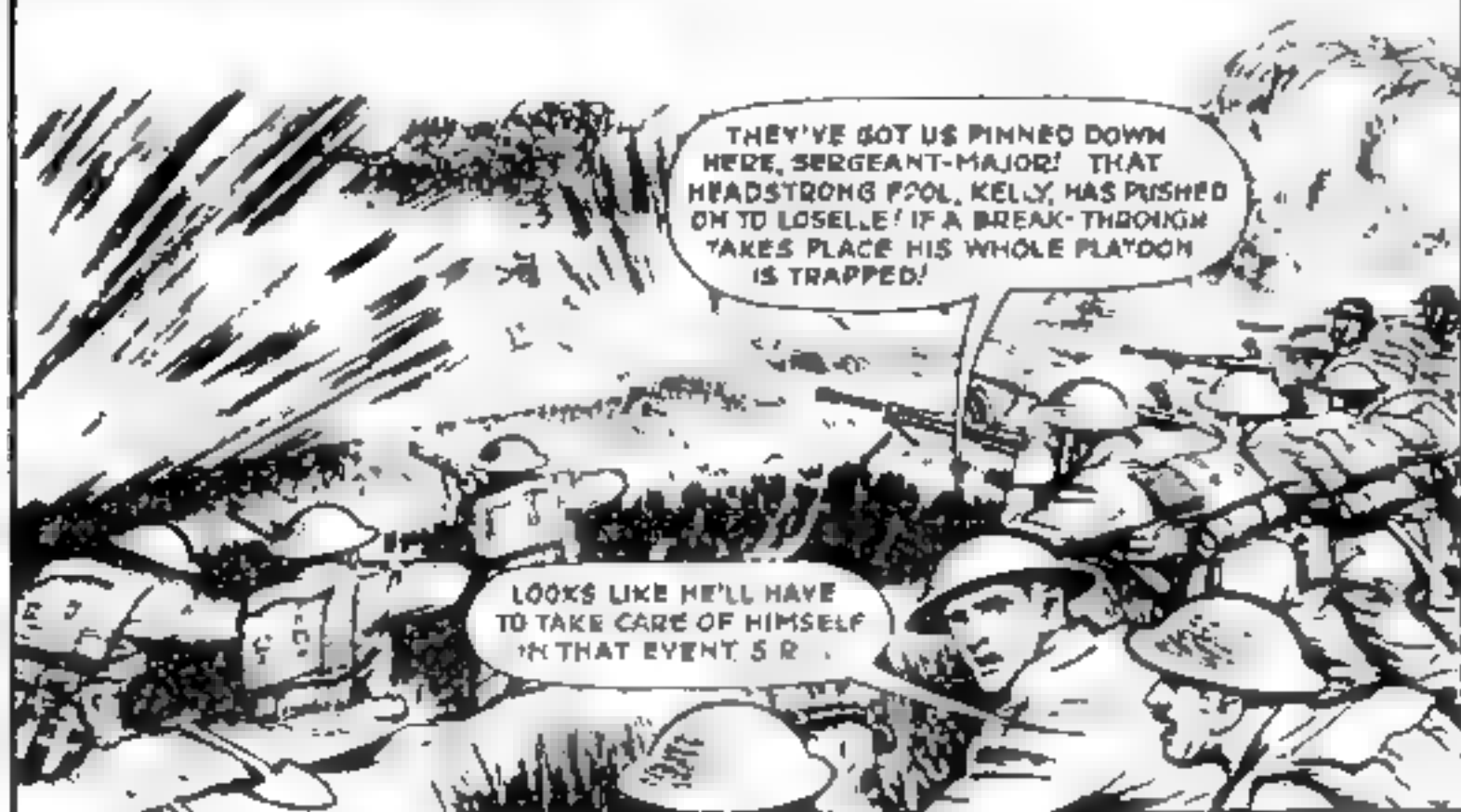
SERGEANT KELLY STOMPED BACK TO HIS
PLATOON, FROWNING IRRITABLY . . .

THE OLD FRENCHMAN, LOUIS VERDAN, TURNED
AWAY, A FAINT SMILE ON HIS LIPS . . .

THE OLD FOOL'S
CRAZY, WHOEVER HEARD
OF A STATUE TO **ONE** MAN
REPRESENTING A WHOLE
VILLAGE! IT'S LIKE SAYING
THIS MEDAL DOESN'T BELONG
TO MY FATHER? LIKE THE
MEDAL I'M GOING TO WIN
BEFORE THE WAR IS OVER

THAT SERGEANT
HE ROARS LIKE A LION
BUT IT IS NOT ALWAYS
THE MAN WITH THE
LOUDEST VOICE WHO
HAS THE MOST
COURAGE.

THE INFANTRY COMPANY TO WHICH SERGEANT KELLY'S PLATOON BELONGED WAS IN REAL TROUBLE AT THAT MOMENT, FIGHTING OFF A PINCH MOVEMENT THAT HAD SEALED OFF THE ROAD THROUGH THE LOSELLE SECTOR.



THE GERMANS WERE THRUSTING HARD AGAINST THE BRITISH LINE DETERMINED TO CONTAIN THEIR ADVANCE



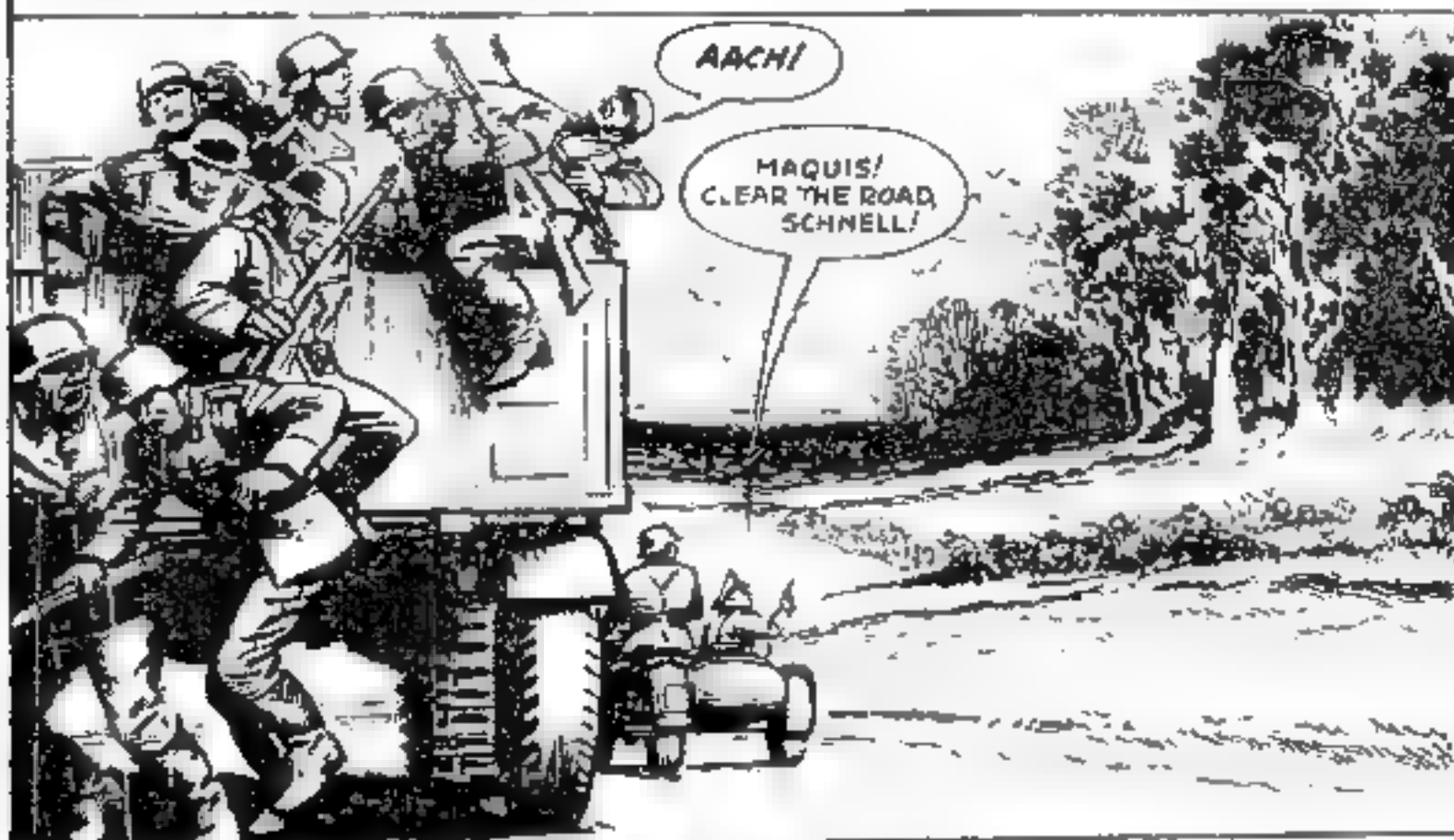
WHILE THE BRITISH WERE HELD DOWN, FURTHER ENEMY UNITS WERE ABLE TO REINFORCE THEIR DEFENCES OF THAT WHOLE SECTOR.



BUT THE OLD FRENCHMAN, LOUIS VERDAN, HAD ALREADY FORESEEN THE ENEMY'S INTENTION AND HAD ALERTED THE LOCAL MAQUIS GROUP.



THE FRENCHMEN HAD BEEN SPENDING FOR A FIGHT, AND THEY FLUNG THEMSELVES INTO FIRING POSITIONS WITH ENTHUSIASM.



WITH A FEW SECONDS, THE MAQUIS FUSILLADE HAD CLAIMED MANY VICTIMS AND HAD SCATTERED THE REMAINDER OF THE NAZIS IN SEARCH OF COVER.



THE DISTANT SOUND OF ACTION REACHED THE EARS OF SERGEANT KELLY BACK IN THE VILLAGE AND HE HURRIEDLY PARADED HIS PLATOON

C'MON, YOU BUNCH! GET MOVING THERE
AT THE DOUBLE!
WE'RE MOVING OUT!

M'SIEU YOU CANNOT MARCH
YOUR MEN OUT THERE! THE
COUNTRYSIDE IS ALIVE WITH
GERMANS!

TO THE TOUGH SERGEANT, LOUIS VERDAN WAS MERELY AN OLD VILLAGER BETTER EMPLOYED TAKING CARE OF HIS CHICKENS!

GET OUT
OF MY WAY,
YOU OLD FOOL!
THERE'S FIGHTING
TO BE DONE!
FALL IN,
YOU MEN!

BUT YOU DO NOT
UNDERSTAND! THE
MAQUIS IS IN
COMMAND...

PRIVATE MORROX HESITANTLY INTERJECTED

PERHAPS WE SHOULD LISTEN
TO WHAT HE SAYS, SERGEANT...

AND SET FIGHT IN
THE VILLAGE, EH, MORROX?
THAT WOULD BE JUST
UP YOUR STREET!
NO, WE'RE
GOING OUT
TO FIGHT!

MAKING NO USE OF WHAT COVER THERE WAS, SERGEANT KELLY MARCHED HIS MEN BOLDLY DOWN THE ROAD BREAKING INTO THE DOUBLE AS THEY APPROACHED THE SCENE OF ACTION.



BUT EVEN AS THE PLATOON BROKE INTO A RUN, A WEETAR BOMB BURST AMONG THEM



TWO MC GEE & CO. BS PLUMMETED DOWN AND THE SERGEANT -43- LY LED THE DASH FOR THE COVER OF A NEARBY CLUMP OF TREES

RUN, YOU FOOLS!
GET OUT OF DANGER ...



BUT THE GERMANS WERE SWIFT TO ZERO IN ON THE FLATLAND AGAIN. THE FACED HORROR FLUNG IN THE FLAT AND THE OTHERS WERE QUICK TO SEE - 3 EXAMPLE



THIS IS MURDER!
WE'LL BE KILLED!

The Blood of Heroes

THE SOUNDS OF THE ORIGINAL SKIRMISH HAD ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF A LARGE PATROL AND IT WAS THE MORTAR FIRE THAT WAS PINNING DOWN SERGEANT KELLY'S MEN.

AH! THE ENGLANDERS ARE TRAPPED! NOW WE ATTACK!



SUDDENLY, THE MORTAR STOPPED FIRING AND THE BRITISH PLATOON RAISED THEIR HEADS IN RELIEF... ONLY TO SEE A GREY-GREEN LINE OF FIGURES ADVANCING MENACINGLY UPON THEM.



TAKEN BY THE GERMANS, KELLY AND HIS MEN MIGHT WELL HAVE BEEN WIPE OUT BUT THEY HAD ALL BEEN AT HAND READY AND WILLING TO HELP THEM



FROM THE TOP OF A LOW STONE WALL, THE MAQUIS Poured A FIERCE ENFILADE FIRE UPON THE ATTACKING GERMAN PATROL.



CAUGHT IN OPEN COUNTRY, MANY OF THE NAZIS WERE CUT DOWN ALMOST AT ONCE THE REST FLED.

MY FRIEND... IT WAS MADNESS TO MARCH ALONG THE ROAD IN THE WAY YOU DID! THE GERMANS ARE EVERYWHERE

OH-O...
AND THE
BLAZES ARE
A-UP?



RECOVERING FROM HIS SHOCK, SERGEANT KELLY'S BRASH CONFIDENCE REASSERTED ITSELF! THE LEADER OF THE MAQUIS FROWNED AT HIS TONE.

I AM IN COMMAND OF THE LOCAL MAQUIS, M'SIEU... ALLOW ME TO...

ANOTHER PERISHIN' AMATEUR SOLDIER! I DON'T NEED ANY ADVICE FROM YOUR KIND!



THE MAQUIS FIGHTERS SCOWLED AT THAT INSULT AND THE SITUATION WAS BEGINNING TO LOOK UGLY, WHEN OLD LOU'S HEROAN ARRIVED.

THIS IS NO TIME FOR QUARRELS! BACK TO YOUR TRANSPORT... BEFORE THE BOCHE RETURNS!



THE REMNANTS OF SERGEANT KELLY'S PLATOON LOOKED ON . . . AMAZED AT THE AUTHORITY THE OLD FRENCHMAN WIELDED. IT WAS LATER WHEN THEY WERE SAFELY IN THE WOOD, THAT LOUIS VERDAN TOOK THE NAZI'S LEADER TO ONE SIDE . . .



SERGEANT KELLY BUTTONHOLED ONE OF THE FRENCH FREEDOM FIGHTERS

MY FATHER WON THIS MEDAL FIGHTING FOR YOU PEOPLE IN WORLD WAR ONE . . . HE STOPPED HALF A JERRY INFANTRY UNIT WITH A MACHINE GUN OUTSIDE A VILLAGE CALLED FONT CROIX

FONT CROIX! BUT THAT IS THE VILLAGE

ALL UNAWARE THAT THE FRENCHMAN WAS LOOKING AT HIM STRANGELY, SERGEANT KELLY WENT ON BOASTFULLY . . .

THE KRAUTS WOULD HAVE BROKEN THROUGH TO ARRAS IF MY FATHER HADN'T SMASHED THAT ATTACK SINGLE-HANDED. HE DESERVED THE V.C. RECKON

M'SIEU . . . I THINK SOON WE SHALL SHOW YOU THE VILLAGE OF FONT CROIX. PERHAPS IT IS NOT AS YOU IMAGINE IT

AT THAT MOMENT, MORTGAG'S MEN WERE TO RANGE ON THE WOOD AND THE NAUIGS WITHIN IT. FURRIEDLY, LEAVING THE IRATE KELLY TO BRING HIS MEN AFTER THEM.

RUNNING AWAY... THAT'S NO WAY TO WIN A WAR! I'LL SHOW THEM IF I HAVE TO FIGHT THE WHOLE JERRY ARMY ON MY OWN!



SERGEANT KELLY GOT HIS CHANCE SOONER THAN HE EXPECTED. THEY WERE HARDLY OUT OF THE WOOD WHEN THE GERMANS, WHO HAD REGROUPED, MOVED IN AGAIN.

LOOK MORE JERRIES!
LET US HAVE IT
YOU MEN!



THE MAGLIS, UNDER THE BATTLE-WISE LEADERSHIP OF THE DEFTLY DEPLOYED QUINCY, BUT SERGEANT KELLY LED A BULL-HEADED RUSH TOWARD THE ENEMY.



ONCE AGAIN THE SERGEANT'S TACTICS TOOK THE NAZIS BY SURPRISE . . .



BUT AMONG THE MEN WHO CHARGED BEHIND KELLY, THERE WAS ONE MAN, HORROX, WHO FELT THAT THE BULL-HEADED SERGEANT'S LUCK COULD NOT LAST...

THE NEXT TIME MUST SURELY
BE OUR LAST... IF
SOMETHING DOESN'T
STOP HIM



WITH THE GERMAN PATROL ROUTED, KELLY TURNED CONTEMPTUOUSLY TO THE MAQUIS, THE FLUSH OF VICTORY ON HIS TOUGH FACE

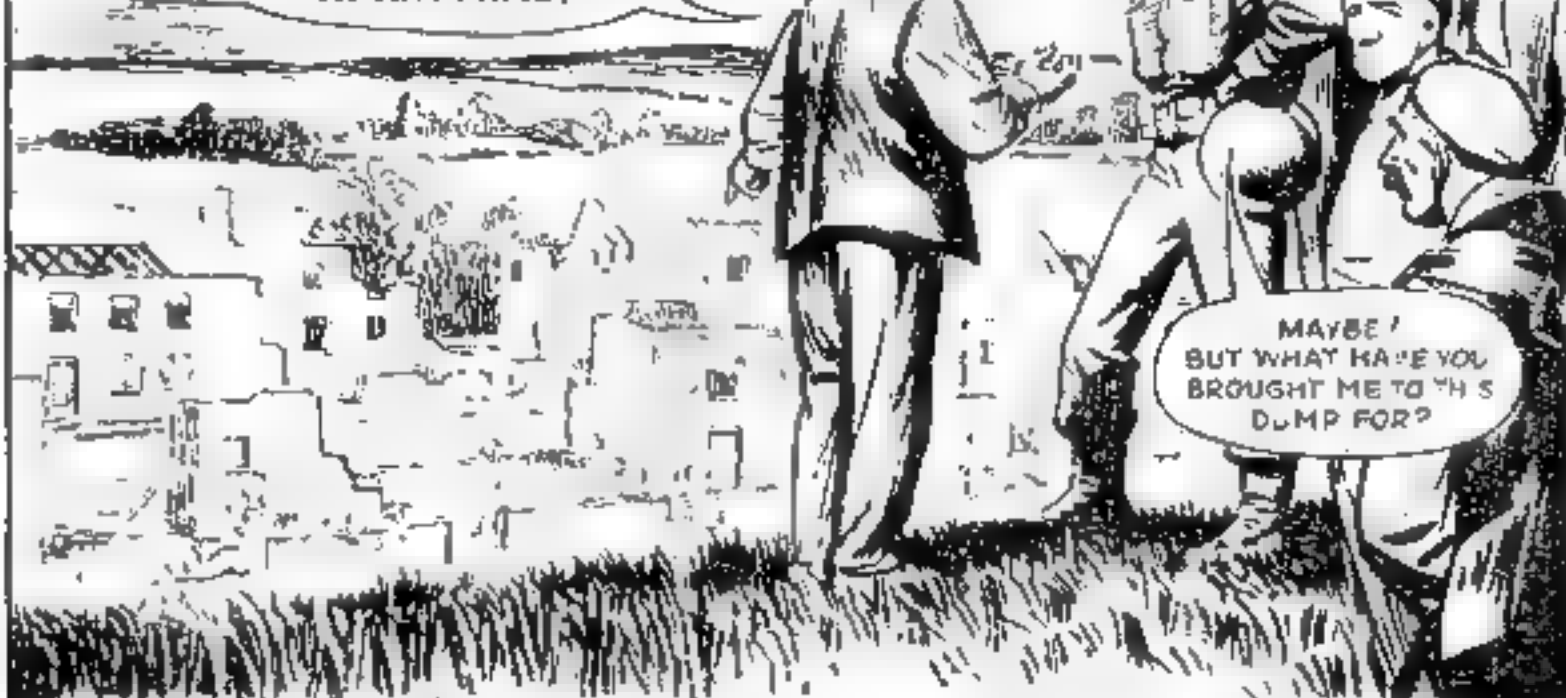
THAT'S THE WAY
TO FIGHT A WAR
FRENCHMEN! SKULKING
IN THE UNDERGROWTH
WON'T BREAK THE
JERRE'S HEARTS!

YOU FIGHT LIKE
A MADMAN, M'SIEU
... AND WITH AS
LITTLE SKILL! HOPE
YOU WILL LEARN
BETTER BEFORE
IT IS TOO LATE



SERGEANT KELLY DID NOT SENSE THE SIGNIFICANCE IN THE OLD FRENCHMAN'S WORDS UNTIL MUCH LATER, WHEN HE WAS LED TO A SCENE OF DESOLATION

... I HAVE HEARD YOU SPEAK OF YOUR
FATHER, AND THE MEDAL HE WON IN THE
FIRST WORLD WAR, SERGEANT KELLY. PERHAPS
IT IS THE THOUGHT OF THAT WHICH MAKES
YOU, TOO, DETERMINED TO BE A HERO
AT ANY PRICE?



MAYBE!
BUT WHAT HAVE YOU
BROUGHT ME TO THIS
DUMP FOR?

LOUIS VERDAN'S SEAMED FACE WAS STERN AS HE INDICATED THE SHATTERED AND OVERGROWN VILLAGE BELOW THEM . . .

HERE IS YOUR ANSWER, SERGEANT KELLY
THIS IS THE VILLAGE OF PONT CROIX . . . AS
THE BOCHE LEFT IT AFTER THE FIRST WORLD WAR,
NO ONE HAS REBUILT IT FOR WE LEAVE IT AS A
MONUMENT . . . TO COWARDICE!

PONT CROIX! BUT MY
FATHER SAVED IT . . . HE WON
HIS MEDAL SAYING IT, WHAT
ARE YOU SAYING, YOU OLD
FOOL!

OLD LOUIS VERDAN'S VOICE WENT ON, RELENTLESSLY, BRINGING
TO LIFE UGLY AND BITTER FRAGMENTS FROM MEMORY AND TIME
— OF SLAUGHTER AND PANIC — OF DEFEAT AND DISHONOUR . . .

. . . ON THAT
DAY IN JUNE, THE BOCHE
WERE ADVANCING AND A
COMBINED FORCE OF FRENCH
AND BRITISH INFANTRY WAS
SENT TO HOLD PONT CROIX
THEY FAILED! THE GERMANS
USED GAS . . . PANIC SET IN
THE WHOLE LINE
BROKE. THEY RAN . .
AND THE BOCHE
BURNED DOWN
PONT CROIX . .

I . . . I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!
YOU'RE
LYING!

LOUIS VERDAN'S VOICE WAS MORE GENTLE NOW . . .

STONES DON'T LIE,
SERGEANT KELLY! BECAUSE
OF THE DISHONOUR . . . THE
SMEAR ON THE BRAVERY OF
TWO GREAT ARMIES, THIS VILLAGE
WAS LEFT TO ROT. BUT BECAUSE
WE SHOULD NEVER FORGET, A
STONE WAS LEFT BEHIND,
INSCRIBED WITH THE DATE
AND THE NAMES OF THOSE
WHO FAILED .

LET ME SEE IT!
LET ME SEE
IT!

NO-ONE MOVED AS SERGEANT KELLY BLUNDERED DOWN THE HILL TOWARDS THE VILLAGE. NO-ONE
MOVED . . . OR SPOKE, EXCEPT FOR LOUIS VERDAN

A MAN SHOULD KNOW THAT
BRAVE MEN DO NOT HAVE TO HIDE
THEIR FAILURES. WE DO NOT ERECT
OUR MONUMENTS ONLY TO THE ONES
LIKE OUR UNKNOWN SOLDIER . . .



IT WAS A LONG TIME BEFORE SERGEANT KELLY TRUDGED BACK UP THE HILL. HIS FACE WAS SET IN GRIM LINES, BUT THERE WAS ONLY SYMPATHY IN THE EYES OF THOSE WHO WATCHED HIM.



THEY SET OFF BACK TO THE VILLAGE OF LOSELLE. THE SOLDIERS IN THE LEAD.

WHAT HAPPENS INSIDE A MAN LIKE SERGEANT KELLY WHEN A THING SUCH AS THIS HAPPENS. MON AMI?

WHO KNOWS? HE IS STRONG AND HIS HEART IS BRAVE...



THEY CAME WITHIN SIGHT OF JOSEFLE. ALL BECAME QUIET
... BUT LOUIS VERDAN SENSED TROUBLE.

STRANGE
THERE WAS
LITTLE ACTIVITY
NEAR THE VILLAGE
NOT A SIGN OF
THE BOCHER



THE FRENCHMAN'S SUSPICIONS WERE TO PROVE ON Y TOO REAL

WAIT UNTIL THE DOGS
CLOSE THE RANGEL
I WILL GIVE THE ORDER
TO FIRE!



THAT FIRST TERRIBLE FUSILLADE SCYTHED INTO BRITISH PLATOON AND MAQUIS AJKE

JERRY AMBUSH!
AAASH!



PRIVATE HORROCK KNEW HIS SECRET NIGHTMARE HAD COME TRUE. SERGEANT KELLY'S LUCK HAD RUN OUT AT LAST. IN THAT MOMENT HE FOUND SOME DEEP WELL OF COURAGE WITHIN HIMSELF, HITHERTO UNTAPPED.

THEY'RE FIRING
FROM THAT OLD CONCRETE
STRONGPOINT! UNLESS WE
CAN BLAST THEM OUT
WE'LL ALL BE
KILLED!



WHAT IS THAT THRUSTS MEN INTO ACTION WHEN ALL SEEMS LOST. OR BREAKS A SPELL OF HORROR AND TURNS THEM SUDDENLY . . . INTO HEROES!



FROM THE DITCH WHERE HORROR HAD DRAGGED HIM, SERGEANT KELLY WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT AS THE YOUNG PRIVATE PLUNGED HIMSELF INTO THE TEETH OF THE MERCILESS GUNS.



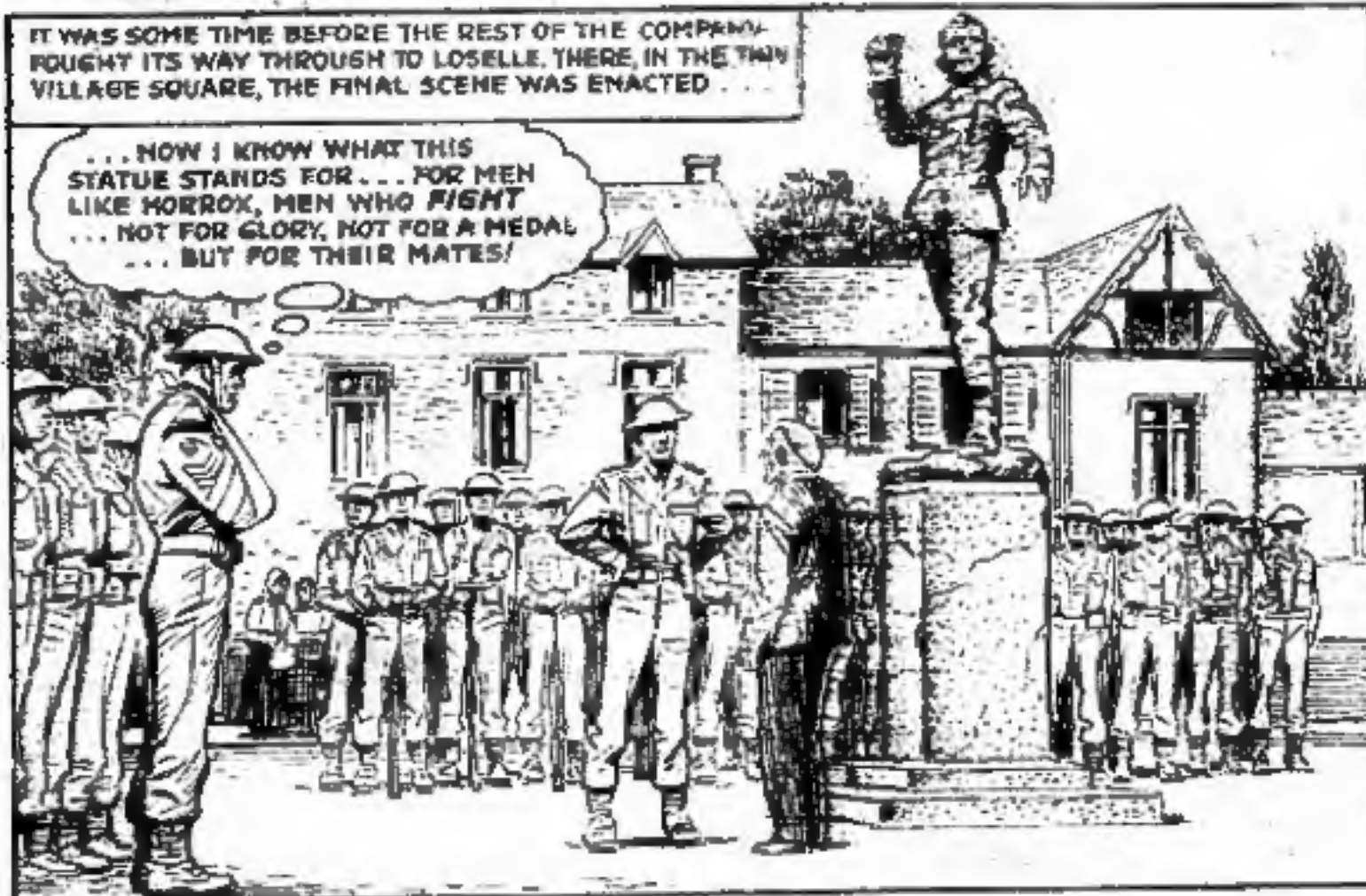
THE ENEMY POST WAS RIVEN BY THE EXPLODING GRENADE BUT THEIR GUNS HAD EXACTED A PRICE FOR SILENCE . . .

HORROX DID IT!
HE SMASHED THEM . . .
AND . . . AND I CALLED
HIM A COWARD . . .

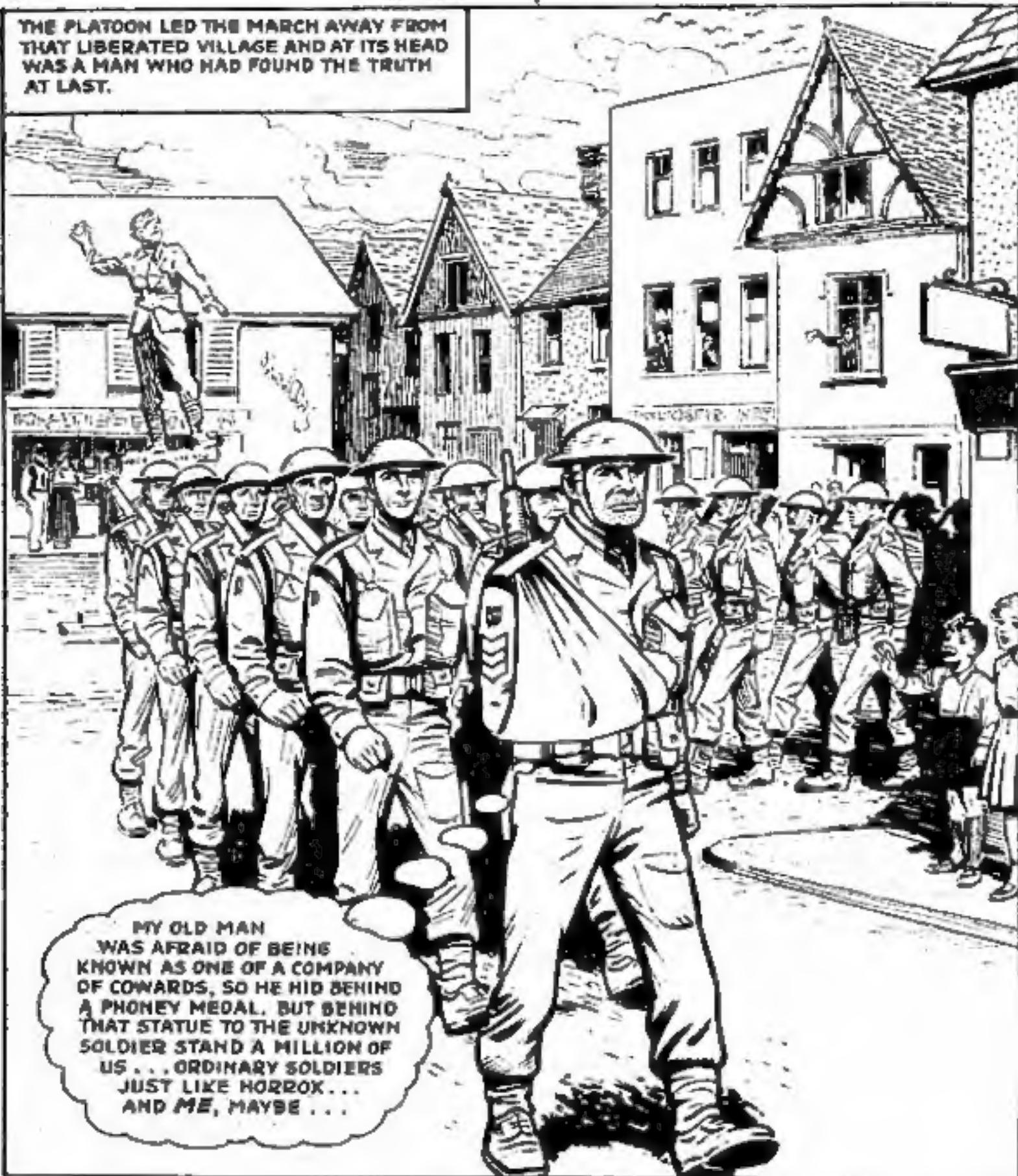


IT WAS SOME TIME BEFORE THE REST OF THE COMPANY FOUGHT ITS WAY THROUGH TO LOSELLE. THERE, IN THE TOWN VILLAGE SQUARE, THE FINAL SCENE WAS ENACTED . . .

... NOW I KNOW WHAT THIS
STATUE STANDS FOR . . . FOR MEN
LIKE HORROX, MEN WHO FIGHT
... NOT FOR GLORY, NOT FOR A MEDAL
... BUT FOR THEIR MATES!



THE PLATOON LED THE MARCH AWAY FROM THAT LIBERATED VILLAGE AND AT ITS HEAD WAS A MAN WHO HAD FOUND THE TRUTH AT LAST.



MY OLD MAN
WAS AFRAID OF BEING
KNOWN AS ONE OF A COMPANY
OF COWARDS, SO HE HID BEHIND
A PHONEY MEDAL. BUT BEHIND
THAT STATUE TO THE UNKNOWN
SOLDIER STAND A MILLION OF
US... ORDINARY SOLDIERS
JUST LIKE HORROX...
AND ME, MAYBE...

ALSO ON SALE NOW

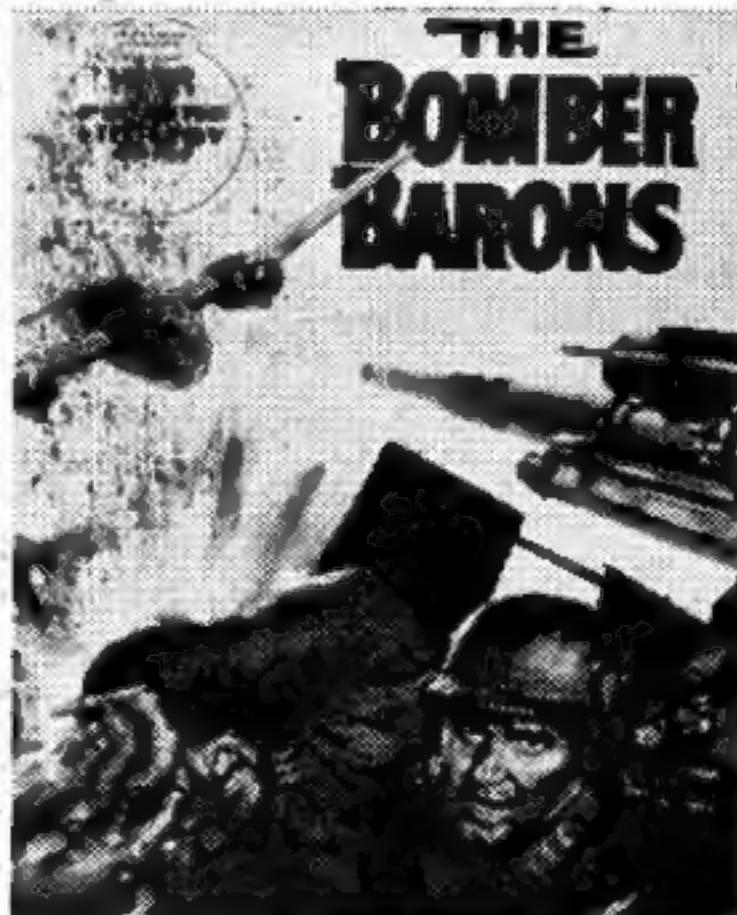
FOR WAR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

No. 184—DANGER NO OBJECT No. 187—THE BOMBER BARONS



He was a barrack-room lawyer, landed with a mission that would have daunted a troop of trained commandos.



A squadron spirit is forged in the fiery skies over the target, tempered with the courage of those who fought and died there.

ALSO ON SALE NOW :—

No. 185—LOST JUNGLE

Next month's **FOUR** thrilling **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY** issues, on sale 1st April, are :—

No. 188—THEY ALSO SERVE

No. 190—JUNGLE AFLAME

No. 189—THE SILENT WITNESS

No. 191—FIGHT—OR DIE !

FAMOUS 'EXPORT PARCEL'

**NOW AVAILABLE IN
GREAT BRITAIN**

129

Different Stamps

This giant bargain collection has been advertised all over the world and has pleased many thousands of collectors. Now, for the first time, it is available to stamp lovers in Gt. Britain. You get 129 all different stamps. Here are just a few of the highlights: **CONGO**—Dag Hammarskjöld Memorial Set of 2; **SPAIN**—Gold bordered Goya Painting (miniature masterpiece); **MONACO**—Vintage Cars; **ARMENIA**—giant 25,000 Rouble Mount Ararat (Noah's Ark is supposed to have landed there); **BOLIVIA**—"Centenario de Beni". Complete mint set of 8; **ALBANIA**—1921 Double Eagle imperforate set of 5. **MANY OTHER FASCINATING AND UNUSUAL STAMPS AND SETS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD. SPECIAL:** You also get **SPAIN**—Fabulous set of 12 Zaragoza non-officials. This marvellous set will make a stunning full page display. **ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION**—2 interesting labels; **SUEZ CANAL SOUVENIR SHEET**—Facsimiles in original colour of the four stamps issued by the Suez Canal Company almost 100 years ago.

You'll have days of pleasure just sorting this giant lot and swapping material for months. **EVERY-THING** for only 1/- to introduce our bargain approvals. Satisfaction guaranteed or refund in full.



SEND 1/- TODAY. ASK FOR LOT P19

TO BROADWAY APPROVALS 50, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5.

**POST
COUPON
TODAY**

**LOT
P19**

I enclose 1/-. Rush me the Famous Export Parcel. Send a selection of bargain approvals for free examination.

Name

Address

(Please print carefully)